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OF 3
MAR 11

ASSASSIN'S — CREED —TM

KERSCHL
STEWART
THOMAS

THE FALL



Suggested for Mature Readers

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ASSASSIN'S CREED™

THE FALL 3 of 3

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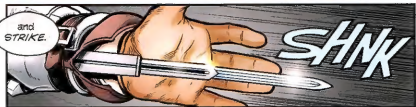
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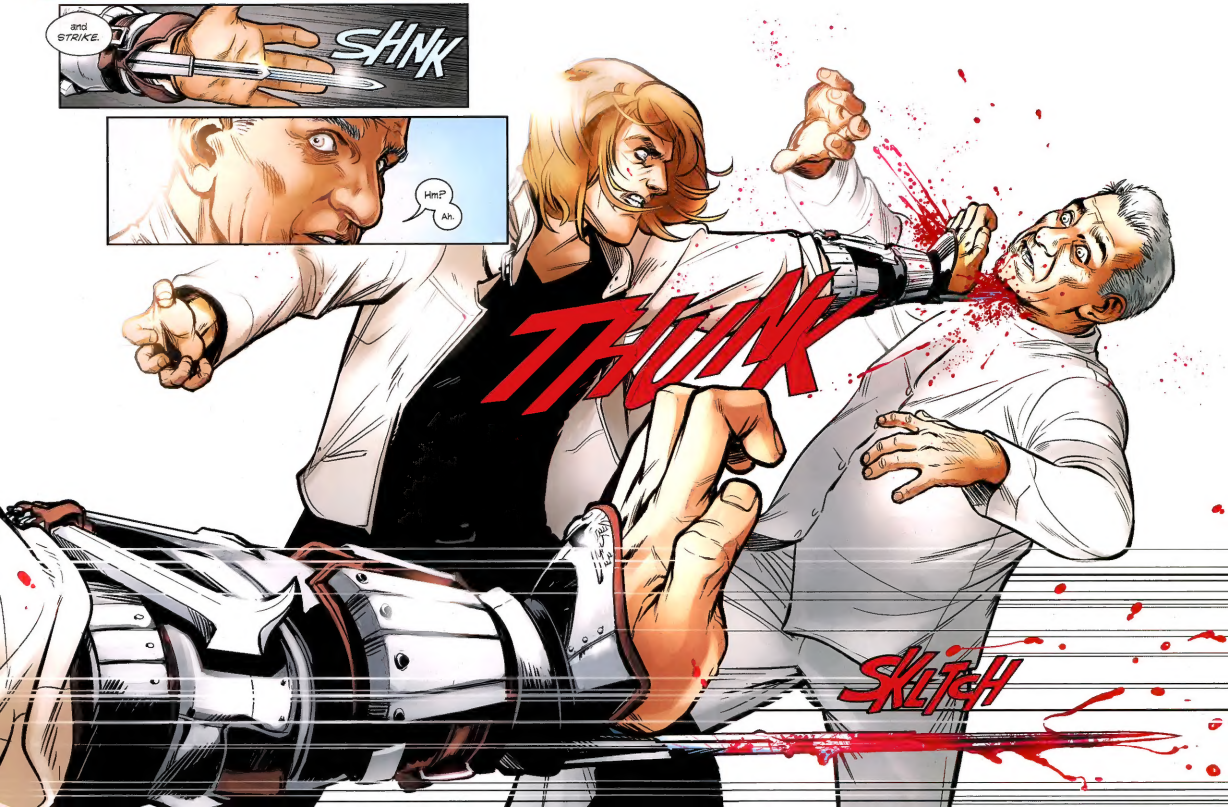
Climb their
ranks until
you can go
no higher



and
STRIKE.



Hmf?
Ah.



You're
very
special.



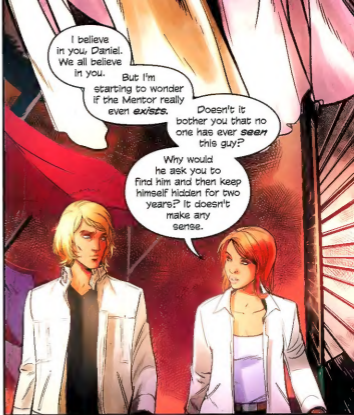


This is starting to feel hopeless.

I'm running on fumes here. My body doesn't even know what time it is anymore.

I think we're getting closer.

You said that in Cyprus.



I believe in you, Daniel. We all believe in you.

But I'm starting to wonder if the Mentor really even *exists*.

Doesn't it bother you that no one has ever *seen* this guy?

Why would he ask you to find him and then keep himself hidden for two years? It doesn't make any sense.



Maybe he's *testing* me? Maybe this is all part of the plan.

Have you ever just *known* something without fully understanding *why*?

I can't explain it, but the Mentor's voice gets clearer every day.

It's like someone flipped a switch and gave me a reason to live.

I'm stronger now, smarter. I have a *mission*.



And I couldn't have gotten this far without you.

If you hadn't found me, I don't know where I'd be.

Look, we're both tired, but everything looks more hopeful after a good night's sleep.



I don't suppose you'd want *company*...?

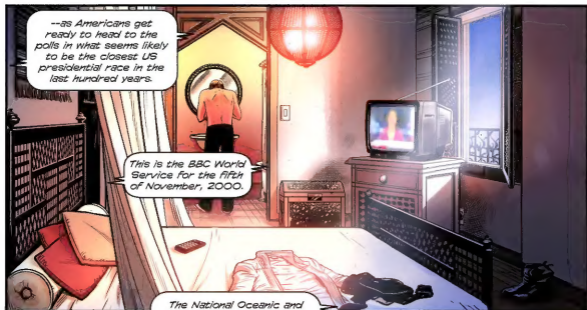


That's sweet of you, but I think it's best if I stay focused. I have all the company I need in my head.

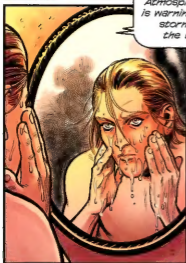


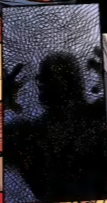
Have a good night, Hannah.

...yeah you too...



The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration is warning of a massive solar storm set to bombard the Earth next week.






Dear Nikolai Andreievich,

Forgive me for
my poor habits of
correspondence.

An unfortunate side effect
of fraternal ties is that one
begins to feel comfortable
taking one's brother for
granted.


And, indeed, though we are
not bound by blood, can we
not consider each other
as family?

My own brother, Aleksandr, was as
important an example to me as any
man could have, and you were always
there by his side, so you will forgive
the informality of kinship that I feel
(and have always felt) toward you.



The Revolution has begun!

A revolution you (and he) helped start is now spreading across Russia; an inevitable force whose time has finally come. This is but the first wave of change. Soon, very soon, power will shift to the hands of the proletariat, and we will finally see real progress in our country.



Imagine, Nikolai, what your father would say were he to see this day.

I write to you from Zurich, but I am making preparations to return to Petrograd, where I intend to construct a new Socialist order. And this is the purpose of my letter, brother.

Although the Tsar has abdicated the throne, he and his family remain a threat to all we have built - a living banner of a dead ruling class.

I know that your responsibilities are delegated from within your Order, and while the Brotherhood may no longer consider Nicholas a threat, I appeal to your sense of justice and national pride.

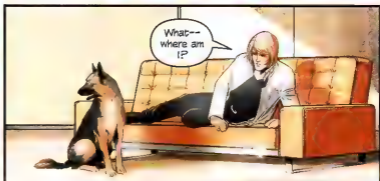
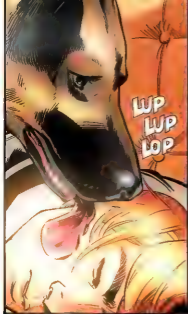
Dispose of this last symbol of Imperialism, once and for all, and let us be done with it! The Royal family will have been moved from the palace and will no doubt be waiting on word from England for asylum. I urge you to act before they are permitted to leave the country.

The future of Russia depends on you. I will contact you upon my arrival to congratulate your success in person.

Regards to your family, Nikolai. Yours always, V.I. Lenin











It is a *fake*.

No!

It is exactly as you asked!

My father's royal staff, it has been in our family for generations--!

It is a forgery. A shoddy replica.



I have hunted this object for half of my years.

You cannot possibly imagine what I have endured in my pursuit.

The original was unmistakable.

Ethereal.

It seemed to have a light shining from within, like no metal I've seen before or since.

I peered into it and saw the turn of the world and a glimpse of what lies beyond.



I saw the sky rain lightning and thousands of acres of forest torn from their root.

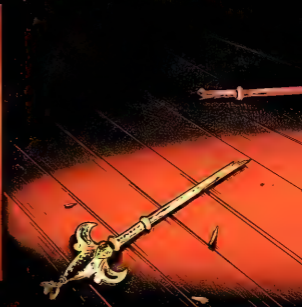
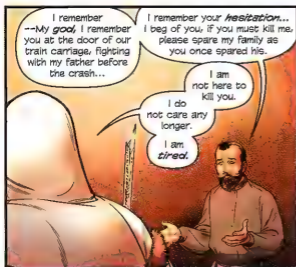
Men ripped apart like paper in a light more blinding than the sun.

I saw death and ruin, and at its heart I saw that staff incinerated.

I saw the look of horror and grief on my wife's face when I hobbled home to her, bleached and broken.

And so I know a *stick* when I see one.







ОТ ИМПЕРАТОРОВ
ВЛАСТИ И СТАНЕТ ТРИМЕРОМ
ДЛЯ ВСЕГО МИРА...

Fascinating.



The
lives of our
ancestors are
written in our
DNA, like a
book.

It's just a matter
of turning back the
pages and reading an
earlier chapter.

Theoretically
there is technology
in this, but to be
able to access the
memories naturally is
unprecedented.

How is
it happening
to me?



I'm afraid
I have no
answer.

But
fortunately I
have a great
many people under
my direction who
can help us
find one.

I can't believe this *entire*
global organization is being
led by one man.

There are
others... after
a fashion.

Each Mentor is
chosen by his predecessor
and inducted to continue
his work, and the work of
every Mentor past.

It is
my duty
to find my
successor—
one very special,
remarkable person,
and appoint him as
my apprentice, so
that he may carry
on after I am gone.



Wait,
you mean—
I knew
it—

Sir...I'm
honoured. I
won't let you
down.



Heh.

Don't
get ahead
of yourself,
my boy.
You've
got potential
but there's a
long road yet
in front of you.



One of the first
things to learn
is to let go of
your *ego*.

I am not
only *me*—I am
a living conduit for
all who came
before me.

The Mentors
of generations past
live through me, and I
possess the sum total
of their knowledge and
experience.

When I appoint
my successor, he will gain
all of this knowledge, and my
own. Each time it grows
larger, like a snowball
rolling downhill.

It really
is an extra-
ordinary
process.

Come
with me.



...expect he'll prioritize his father's unfinished agenda over the actual needs of the American people.

So this is Assassin HQ?

Oh, no, this is only one of many offices I keep all around the world.

In order to function effectively I must remain mobile, and dissociated from my lieutenants.

If my location were known to the Templars it would be quite *problematic*.

The Mentor's role is to oversee and coordinate the actions of the Order in the pursuit of *harmony* through free will.

In the old days, that usually meant *killing* anyone who became too powerful or greedy.

That's the impression I got, yeah.

I think you're being enorthrighted here, Jan. There's absolutely no evidence that...

These days, it means subversion of established regimes.

I must always be three steps ahead of our enemies to ensure that power is *balanced* and not *abused*.

Countries. Corporations. We *change* the system from *within*.

I must be everywhere at once, forever vigilant.

If I am not- if the Mentor fails to see the bigger picture- the entire course of human evolution pays the price.

...yes on Florida, where the real battle is expected to take place

Election Report brought to you by Abstergo, makers of trusted pharmaceuticals.

Every moment is a potential turning point in human history, Daniel.

This election in America tomorrow is *critical*.

If the Templars successfully install their puppet in the White House there's no telling where it will end.

They're itching for another war, and they'll do whatever is necessary to start it.

Countless lives will be lost as their grip tightens around the people.

We must ensure, for the welfare of the *world*, that this election progresses *fairly*.

How?

By monitoring the polls? Preventing fraud?

Can't we just remove the opposition?



We inspire change by *example*, Mr. Cross.

Not by force.

Not any more.

Give a man a chance to act *honorably*, without *manipulation*, and he usually will.

For the sake of humanity, we *have* to believe that.





I think
it's time I
showed you
this.



This is
my *blade*.

They're
mostly *ceremonial*
now, but it still
works.

Why
don't you
try it
on?



...are you
giving this to
me?

Is it
mine?



You've
earned it.

Welcome to
the *Hashashin*.

Welcome
to the Order of
Assassins.



I feel like...
like I was made
to wear this.

Like I
was made
to *use* it.

I feel
like every step
of my life has led
me to this
moment.



We all have
our purpose, Daniel.
Yours is becoming
clear to you.

It's a very
good thing you're
on our side.

You're very
special.



He's a
gift, Miss
Clarke.

...what
did you
say?

We're going
to open him up
and see what's
inside.

And when we
close him up again,
we're going to pack
in a few extras.

You're
very
special.

Follow the
sound of
my voice

Listen
carefully

find the
Mentor

It hurts,
mama
it hurts

Your
mother is
gone

won't
see her
again

You're
going to
change the
world.

increase dosage
to twenty-five hundred
milligrams

something
you must
do for us

brain activity
is equalizing, sir.
We've achieved
synchronization.

It feels
like there's
something coiled
like a snake
deep inside
of me.

Ingratiate
yourself.
Become *ONE*
of them

learn
everything

I have
missed

Open
up to us,
let it
out...

know my
purpose

Maybe
you shouldn't
fight it.

My
head's
splitting
open

It just
comes out
of me

Open
up

Time
to wake
up

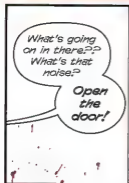
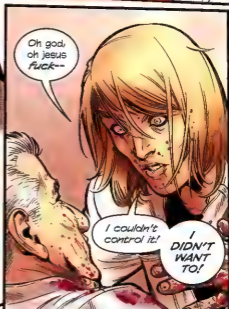
Let it
out

Cross.

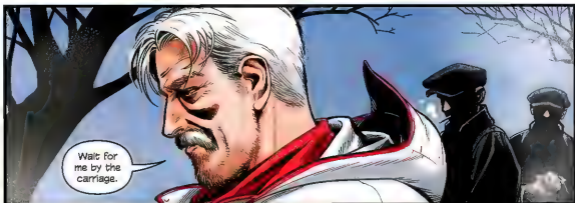
Your
name will
be *Daniel*
Cross.

Abstergo
Industria











From: Vidic, Warren
To: Rikkin, Alan
CC: Kilkerman, David
Nilop, Nancy
Subject: Homecoming

As you may already be aware, Animus Project Subject 4, code-name Daniel Cross, has at long last returned to our Philadelphia research Facility.

I am pleased to report that despite the many years that have passed since we released him into the wild, Cross followed his programming precisely and unwittingly, and after successful infiltration was able to eliminate the strategic command of the Assassin Order.

With the information retrieved from Cross, we now may mobilize tactical teams to initiate strikes on Assassin compounds globally.

We have turned over a rock and sent the insects scurrying, but we will stamp on them before they can hide again. I am confident that we will soon witness the fall of the Order of Assassins, and we may fulfill our ambitions unimpeded.

How could we
--he was supposed
to help us--

Move, people,
MOVE!

We have
to evacuate
immediately!

That bastard's
been to every training
camp we have, all over
the world!

*They know
where we are!*

I admit I felt a certain sense of
almost fatherly pride, seeing our boy
grown and carrying on our work.

Indeed, any lingering attachment
to his deceased parents has
dissolved and he has come to
regard Abstergo as his home.



Despite this, Cross was extremely agitated upon his return and made several insistent requests to be returned to the Animus device.

An attack on an unfortunate secretary convinced us of his urgency.



Inserting him into the device proved to have a calming effect and it is my recommendation that he remain connected for the time being.



He is with his family now.



MINUTEMEN

TERMINATED TOONS



minutemen



scans 'n edits

